

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

NEWARK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1798.

NUMBER 14.

THE GLEBE HOUSE—A Tale.

FOUND IN THE CABINET OF A LADY OF DISTINCTION, LATELY DECEASED.

(Continued.)

THE FABLE.

IN a sweet sheltered nest, two doves once lived, remarkable for felicity, till a spirit of wandering seized the female, and to travel she would go.—The first day's journey, overtaken by a storm, she sought shelter in a garden, where an unfeeling creature knocked her down with a stone out of sport, another attempted to fire her, but she escaped with the loss of a great part of her plumage.

She now thought of her deserted nest and partner, but still resolved to pursue her travels, scarcely had the morning light dawn'd, when two hawks perceived, and flew after her. By their fighting whose she should be, the fugitive had time to secret herself, and panting, exclaimed, oh! could I again reach my peaceful nest, no power should tempt me to forsake my tender mate!

I don't know what you mean, said Mrs. Owens, pettishly, by your doves and hawks. I suppose you would have me cooing for ever by your side, but no, Mr. Owens, it will not do, and you must positively hire a carriage to-morrow, for on the next day I am resolved to go, which proves, father, replied Jasper, who had listened to the whole controversy, she will have her own way, *ergo* to town she goes.

The rumor of their intended expedition soon spread through the neighborhood, and next morning brought a Mr. Coverly to the Glebe-House.

So, Madam, cried he, entering the parlour, there, was only, Mrs. Owens, I hear you are going to London;—true enough, exclaimed he, 'tis full time for the children and me to enjoy a little of life.

Alas, madam, said he, you have but an incompetent idea of enjoying life, if you think it can be done no where but in the metropolis.

Oh, Sir, said she, I knew you would side with Frank, but I have conquered him, I assure you, so you may say what you will—but this she afforded him no opportunity of doing, as she quitted the room to prepare for her departure, leaving him standing at a window seemingly contemplating something, though what it was, would probably puzzle himself to tell.

The entrance of Constantia roused him, he took her hand, and leading her to a chair, sat down beside her; so Constantia, said he, you are going to London—you are rejoiced, I suppose; I really don't know whether I am or not, cried she.—This scheme of your mother's, he

proceeded, has sadly broke in upon a thousand little plans I had formed against the next sheep-shearing.—I proposed having the sweetest dance on the grass plot—I had trimmed up your bower in the nicest manner—but all my flattering prospects are blasted—we shall no more walk down the dark lane. Oh, Constantia, you will forget every thing of this kind, when a few weeks in town.

I don't think, I shall, she replied.—Oh, my sweet girl, he resumed, have you ever allowed me the privilege of a friend, you will therefore excuse the cautions I presume to give.

In the great world, you will behold objects calculated to dazzle every sense, you will there find flatterers very different from those rustic ones that have hitherto surrounded you. Should your guileless heart be susceptible of an impression, should—here his voice grew so extremely low, it was quite inarticulate.

Constantia, said he—after a hem, of considerable length—come into the garden.—He drew her arm under his, and they went to the shady bench.—I shall often visit this, he exclaimed.—I shall here think upon you—While I'm, perhaps, forgotten.

She spoke not, but putting her hand into her pocket, pulled out a little green silk purse she had knit, and presenting it to him, declared she should ever remember with gratitude his kind attentions: He received her gift with transport, and with an emotion he could not suppress, catching her to his bosom, cried—Oh! my lovely, my dearest Constantia, could I replenish as often as I'd wish—this purse, you would not, I trust, think of leaving the fold of these fond arms.

Fearing he had said too much, he quitted his hold with precipitation, and ran out of the garden.

Poor Constantia pursued him with her eyes, while her bosom experienced strange feelings. Tears involuntary trickled down her cheek, and at that instant she would have heard with pleasure, that her mother meant not to have quit the Glebe.

Coverly, now in his nine and twentieth year, was tall and thin, a thinness caused by an innate and secret uneasiness;—without pretensions to beauty, his countenance was strongly marked with the restless expression of sensibility, while the spirit of his dark eyes, denoted their illuminating soul, warm, generous and intrepid.

Finances, scarcely amounting to a support compelled him to that obscurity, he appeared by nature never formed for.

Whether he was a connexion of Sir Roger de Coverly's is a point we could never clearly learn—if so, the good old knight's virtues were of an hereditary, or rather a diffusive kind, and flowed with the stream of life to the heart of his relation.

Though poor, pity was not all that Coverly bestowed on distress—frequently has he taken from his table, the simple viands prepared for himself, and delivered them to the creature enfeebled by poverty and pain.

He had been about five years in the country; on his first coming, he seemed sedulous to avoid society, but the benevolent Owens, combatted his despondency and tempted him to become a constant visitor at the Glebe.

Constantia, then scarcely more than a child, attracted his notice; in her unfolding mind, he discovered qualities which wanted that cultivation to yield the most delectable fruit, the thoughts of instructing her in some of those elegant accomplishments he possessed, soothed his melancholy, and those improvements her father had begun, received their last polish from the tuition of Coverly.

At this period his affection for her, was that of a brother, as she grew up, feelings of a more tender, at least a more anxious nature, occupied his breast; her modesty, her artless innocence, her blushing charms, were to him irresistible. He had seen the most polished parts of the world, yet he never beheld her counterpart. The sweets of domestic life would have been balm to his sorrows, but these were sweets he durst not think of tasting, his narrow income rendering the maintenance of a family impossible.

Accursed, cried he, with enthusiastic warmth, be that man, who for self gratification involves a woman he pretends to love, and perhaps a number of innocents, into the extremes of poverty; Constantia, thy Coverly shall never be guilty of such villainy.

Her going to London was an unexpected stroke; he knew the credulity and vanity of Mrs. Owens would expose the lovely blossom, to the infectious blasts of flattery and vice.—He sighed to point out the danger, but was acquainted with her positiveness, and feared the family might impute his caution to interested motives.

He continued his race, with very little abatement, from the garden to the adjoining village which was two miles from the Glebe. Here the noise of the people roused him from his reverie, he feared he had uttered too much; he does just scarcely wish to excite a passion, before whose completion fate had thrown so many obstacles. He regretted his abrupt departure, had ten thousand things to say—the ensuing morning the journey was to commence.—He could not bear to pass the few remaining hours from the Glebe.—So buying some spiced cakes, as an excuse for his speedy return, in the evening brought them to Mrs. Owens.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Editor,
By inserting the following extract from the letters
of M. de Crevecoeur, in the Rural Magazine,
you will oblige
M. H.

Extract of a letter from Dr. M.—r.

Albany, 27th Dec. 1778.

BUSINESS having called me hither, I went to view the Hospital, where many of our army were sick; I observed with pleasure that no epidemical disease prevailed among them. Passing through the large hall in the middle of the Hospital, I perceived a soldier whose countenance struck me; he viewed me very attentively; finally called me. I drew nigh to him, and having seated myself listened to him. I am a stranger, said he, however, can you not believe the words of an American soldier? The term of my engagement is almost expired; I have an extreme desire to return to my family, because I have heard that my brother is dead. I have found a man to take my place in the regiment: My father possesses a considerable estate in Virginia: What would you think of me, should I request of you an hundred dollars? With that money I can pay the sum which I have agreed to pay, go from this hospital, and again join my relations. I have the greatest desire to quit this state before the fall of snow, which is very nigh: We have no posts, consequently there remain for me no means of informing my relations of my unhappy situation.—Struck by the bold, but honest request, I examined the traits of his countenance very attentively; I consulted the secret impression which his physiognomy produced upon me. I thought that I saw the character of honesty, and granted him the sum which he had requested of me.—The surprise which my facility occasioned, cut short his words for a moment; but he soon shed tears, which relieved him extremely; they were those of the most lively gratitude: He bathed my hands with them, and thanked me in the most energetic manner.

Some days after he came to see me, informed me more particularly of the state of his family, and renewed his protestations of payment the first day of February following.—I had no uneasiness, and had he never returned the sum which I had lent him, I should not have lost it; for I enjoyed an exquisite pleasure in the act which I had done, and still enjoy it, whenever it occurs to my mind. Methinks I still see all the gestures of the young man, all the traits of his countenance, expressing the return of hope and of happiness—methinks I still hear the cry of his gratitude, rising towards his benefactor and towards Heaven.

Five weeks after his departure, I received a letter from his father, his mother and his uncle, a copy of which I send you (for I will preserve the original as long as I live.) Tell me, I pray you, what you think of the offers they have made me, and what I ought to do? If I accept this astonishing return of their gratitude, I shall be considered as a mercenary, who has obliged only with a view of augmenting my fortune. If I refuse entirely, may they not accuse me of pride? I know not what to do: Shall I go to reside and live among strangers, by virtue of this singular adoption? I may perhaps expose myself to the reproaches of my friends; for it is not the opinion of the public I dread. Tell me, I pray you, your opinion.

Virginia, Culpepper county, Nov. 18, 1778.

I HAD two sons, one had already perished in these boisterous times, but he died defending his country; the other was also about to disap-

pear, and you have saved his life by giving him the means, by which he might come and rejoin his relations: Already afflicted by the death of the former, I became each day more unhappy through fear that I should never again see the latter. But for you, perhaps this day we might have been childless.—But tell us, what was the motive which determined you to that generous action; to choose our son from among so many others who equally merited your attention? Blessed be the invisible hand which conducted you secretly towards his bed, and made you listen attentively to his proposal. He has informed us that the day was the 14th of October; let it be hereafter an epoch of annual joy in my family:—I consecrate it, that it may be distinguished from others by the most fervent thanks to the Supreme Being, by a suspension of labor, and by innocent pleasures. My servants shall partake with us the joy inspired by the sweet recollection: Suffer them to share in the general gratitude; do not despise the part which they may take, for they are men, and I have always treated them as such. You have procured for our son, health, liberty, and the pleasure of again visiting his relations; what benefits! Happily the young man has many friends and relations, had he not, the weight of his gratitude would be too much for him to bear. He has told me that you never have been a father; you cannot then conceive the joy, nor the paternal sensations which transport my heart; wife Nature has hidden them as a treasure from those to whom she has not given children.

We are unacquainted with each other, it is true, but virtuous men are united by the bonds of intellectual confraternity. Hereafter consider me as your friend; I will neglect nothing to merit that name; by the law of nature, I am the father of that son whom you have relieved; you are the adopted father whom nature hath given him in the critical moment when he was abandoned and in want; we are then brothers, and Heaven grant this new union may last forever!—Come and join us, come and partake with us the possession and enjoyment of all we have: You are already incorporated in our family: Come and take possession of that chair which awaits you at our table. My wife!—But who can express the chagrin, the affliction, the joy, the surprise, the love and all the different movements of her maternal sensibility! It was only by the most vehement wringing of her hands, by her tears, and her sighs, that you could conceive of the whole extent of her gratitude: Not only our whole family, but all our neighbourhood, to whom your name has already become dear, will receive you as you deserve, and will convince you that there are still souls which have not lost, among the cruelties of this war, those sentiments which distinguish virtuous men.

To convince you that this letter is not formed of vague words, inspired by the sudden joy of sentiments which will soon evaporate, and be forgotten; to convince you that the impression made upon our hearts by your generosity, shall be as durable as the service which you have rendered us; the bearer of this letter, who is my brother's son, will deliver you an authentic and legal contract of one half of the plantation of —, accompanied by a negro which I give you, a second coming from my son, a third from my wife's mother, and a servant from each of my brothers. This contract, as well as the bill of sale, as you will see by the endorsement are

signed, sealed, and recorded according to law. This new property is irrevocably yours. Happy if our soil, our government, and our climate can persuade you to reside among us!—Join this small present to your fortune, come and dwell in Virginia, where your talents, your merit and your humanity are already known, and will procure you all the advantages which the esteem of a grateful family, and an enlightened neighbourhood can produce. May the messenger which I send find you safe and sound, and bring you to our arms.

W—A—S—

NATURAL HISTORY.

SNAKE FIGHT, &c.

IN the month of June, being alone in a wood a large black snake passed me, clinging to the ground in a skulking manner, without perceiving me. Directly after came another, as if tracking him. When the first perceived his pursuer, he stopped suddenly, and raised his head 6 inches from the ground, buzzing his tail: on this, he was observed by the latter, who raised his head and made the same noisy motion with his tail, and advanced within two feet of his antagonist. In this threatening posture, their heads being now a foot high and still rising, one of them made a sudden dart at the other, who dodged the stroke like a game cock. Their rage and fierceness then increased, their tails merely humming, and they seemed determined to make the next pass decisive. Accordingly they flew together, and hooked around each others head, and in an instant entwined their bodies from head to tail—in this posture stretched on the ground, rolling, screwing and turning each other till the contents of their bowels were squeezed out. This bout was soon over, when they separated a few feet apart, labouring and gaping as though in the agonies of death, till one of them threw out of his mouth 2 young unfeathered birds, and the other brought up 1 more of the same appearance. They then commenced another action with more fury than before, twisting and wrenching till their scales separated, leaving the skin bare in many places, giving the snakes a speckled and frightful aspect; but soon parted, one of them making off, followed by the other about two rods, biting and sawing his back. The conqueror then returned, and was about twenty minutes in picking up and swallowing the birds again. I then rose, and at the first blow, made him regorge two of his prey, but he was too feeble to throw up the others. I expect one of these reptiles had found the bird's nest, and while he was employed in swallowing two of the young, the other came and ran off with the remainder, which the former perceiving, pursued and overtook him, and forced him to give up his booty. I have since understood that other kind of snakes and eels fight in this manner.

I now proceed to describe the manner and operation of the charming of birds, by these animals. If the serpent beguiled Eve, who was wiser than any woman before her, it cannot surely be wondered at that they should deceive simple birds. Hearing in a thicket a variety of chirping and distressful noises from birds, I instantly apprehended the cause, and placed myself in a position where I could observe them unnoticed, to watch their proceedings. The charmer was a blacksnake about 5 feet 4 inches in length, making a small continual hissing noise

nostrils. The object of his attention is called in Connecticut a Cat-fished by turns to be in very great coming within reach of the snake, his head in every direction as the round him; although its mate en-ly striking with its bill and wings, to pent loose his prey. Notwithstanding annoyance, which hurt him very appeared from his wincing, he con-ell, till the bird, grown faint and the much disordered, its feathers from his body, was seized with a d down on its feet within reach of its tail and wings being drawn for- his head, and his head bowed as re-ath. By this time the other birds place, and the snake took the vic- to his mouth without resistance. I om my concealment, and soon old deceiver to throw out the dead he had got half down his throat. of this process took up near an hour. been witness to more than twenty his kind. I have also seen a garter road, who, on being overtaken, up to a great size, as if to make rge for the snake's throat: but the a long trial, would reduce his bulk, the toad.

ard that it would kill a snake to e, I tried the experiment, but found til made with tobacco juice, which immediately drew blood from his caused him to turn upon his back less than a minute.

ife heard of a den of rattlesnakes pt closed for five years at once, and after, on opening the hole in the akes came out as lively as ever.

able instance of unshaken friendship.

lie sale of Negro slaves at Santa years ago, among the great num-ritian avarice had been either the r secondary means of placing on a he cattle daily brought to market, ch of them apparently about the , whose deportment seemed superior -What their rank had really been, len dignity seemed resolved to con-very one. Yet mingled with a eanor to all besides, there appear-ook and action, the tenderest affec-rtself attachment to each other.— captain of the vessel which had bro't entered on the necessary business of these marketable goods into the pro- sale, both of them in the most sub-ber, and with an eagerness that spoke ommon feelings, clung round his ng about his garments, entreating favor them so far as to permit them ppointed to the same lot, by which ight serve one master, and at least fting satisfaction of being compani-lavery.—But even this poor request through the brutality of their sale- n apprehensions of their combining inous design, was denied them.

st as they seemed in their desire, the received with manly resignation by and when upon the point of being their respective masters, they only leave of a few words with one

another, permitted out of hearing, though not out of sight of those they were to serve. This was allowed them; when after a few minutes conversation and a close embrace, they parted, and were sent to their respective stations. Seven days after this transaction, they both (as it afterwards appeared) were missing at the same hour: nor were they, though the strictest search was made after them, to be found, till at about a week's distance, a planter riding through a thicket, which lay in the mid way between the two plantations they had been destined to, saw, to his great surprize, two bodies hanging on one tree, locked fast, and folded in each others arms, embracing and embraced; which, on enquiry made, proved to be these faithful, yet desperate friends.

NEWARK, MAY 19.

FRIENDSHIP CHARACTERISED.

FRIENDSHIP is a noble principle of the soul, from whence flows a thousand streams of solid joy—From the exercise of its virtues, the heart is made better and the mind improved—Its gentle chidings check inconsiderate rashness, whilst its kind admonitions serve to correct extravagance—It expands the heart, and calls forth into lively exercise all its feelings—It is never harsh or cruel, but mild, placable and just—It is always busy and ready in its aid, rather seeking opportunities for its exercise than insensibly waiting to be solicited—It interestedly enters into all the concerns of its object, participating in all its joys and sympathising in all its sorrows—It is ever ready to administer to all its wants and necessities, and kindly to soothe all its cares; in short, it makes its happiness its own, and there all its efforts tend—All its powers are exerted, and if it cannot restore to life, it will ever bestow a sympathetic tear at a friend's last exit, and readily perform the last sad office, and when done, gratefully remember him to the end of life—In fine, *true friendship* is ever characterised by honest sincerity, ingenious candor, gentle humanity, tender sympathy, disinterested benevolence, and *heaven-born* charity.

JUVENUS.

Newark, May 16.

MARRIAGES.

*When kindred souls their hands unite,
Angels are ravished with the sight,
And bless the nuptial chain:
'Tis plain that Nature's God design'd,
In the formation of the mind,
That hearts in hearts should reign.*

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Richards, the Rev. Mr. FINDLEY, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, at Baskenrige, to Miss HETTY CALDWELL, of this town.

At Orange, by the Rev. Mr. Chapman, Mr. ENOS BALDWIN of this town, to Miss JANE WRIGHT of that place.

—THE MONALIST— ON CONTENT.

CONTENT, which is the greatest happiness the human mind is capable of attaining, must be a perfect stranger to the ambitious man, he is ever aspiring after what he thinks will make him happy he raises his desires to wealth and honors but does not consider the many troubles tha

attend such a situation. A garter and a gilded chariot are but poor emblems of felicity: the meanest cottager may be much happier than the peer, whom we short-sighted mortals are apt to envy, when if the real happiness of each could be put in the most exact balance, we might find the former greatly preponderate. Pageantry and show are mere baubles, not worth our desire or attention. He who has them, is no more contented than the other that covets them; for as soon as we arrive at the summit of our wishes, we are still anxious for some thing else, as Mr. Prior but too justly observes:

Against our peace we arm our will;
Amid our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.

That cruel something unpossest,
Corrodes, and lessens all the rest.
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

For though in whatsoever state we are, cares and anxieties are continually attending it, yet we are still ambitious to load ourselves with more.

The cottager wants a farm, and when he has it, he still wants something that his neighbours are in possession of. The peer is uneasy in the midst of honors and affluence; he wants a greater title, or a larger house and gardens. When possessed of these, he thinks he may be happy. Alas! how vain that thought! he then finds as much to desire as before. And thus the ambitious man is a continual torment to himself, by desiring those things, which, as soon as he possesses, cloy him, and instead of making him content, only give a larger scope to his desires.

As interest is almost the universal bias amongst mankind, if we would consider what is really so, how small an esteem should we set on these fleeting enjoyments, which are only convenient for the short space allotted for our continuance here! Much better is it to raise our ambition, not to be thought the richest, but the best of men, and endeavour to acquire such a competency of knowledge, as to support ourselves under all the vicissitudes and misfortunes we are liable to in this transitory life, knowing what we suffer here is by the permission of a supreme superintending Being that knows what is fittest for all, and is capable of rewarding these ills with happiness to eternity.

Why are we solicitous to heap up wealth, when it is so uncertain how soon we may be deprived of it? Or were we sure we should continue here in the greatest affluence, it would be incapable, as Dr. Young excellently observes in the following lines, to create in us either peace or wisdom; so that in such a state of prosperity we should be quite unhappy.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer! for 'tis much less
To make our fortunes, than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see
With rage and wonder in a low degree,
Themselves unblest! the poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state:
The happy only are the truly great!

Young's Love of Fame.

—OBITUARY—

Died, at Boston, on the 5th inst. JONATHAN MASON, Esq. aged 73.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

The following beautiful SONG, prepared for the occasion, was lately sung at the celebration of the anniversary of St. Tamany, at Lancaster, Penn.ylvania.

To the tune of ALKNUMAC.

WHEN our tutelar saint, in his wigwam reclin'd,
Smok'd his pipe to enliven the strength of his mind;
Surrounded by chiefs he this sentiment gave—
Let no people on earth, sons, your freedom enslave.

For the God of Alknumac our Saviour shall be,
And shelter the brave with the Liberty Tree.

Though the blood of our chiefs should encrimson the skies,
Yet the Spirit of Strength from their names will arise;
Indignantly flourish the hatchet of war,
And the cries of the foe will be heard from afar.

"For Nature's great charter the right never gave,
"That one mortal another should dare to enslave."

When our foes would disunion and discord employ,
And by art, not by arms, lay the ruins of Troy;
It becomes us, my friends, all united to be,
Surrounding the root of our Liberty Tree.

"For Nature's great charter the right never gave,
"That one mortal another should dare to enslave."

"May that freedom whose rays we are taught to adore,
"Beam bright as the sun, and bless every shore."
No nation that strives to bewilder mankind,
Can the sons of Columbia, in fetters e'er bind,
For the God of Alknumac our Saviour shall be,
And shelter the brave with his Liberty Tree.

The TULIP and the VIOLET.

(From THEODOSIA'S Poems.)

SEE yonder gaudy tulip rise,
And to the sun her leaves display,
My fancy grieves her voice and eyes,
And thus the boaster seems to say.

"Queen of the gay parterre I reign;
"My glowing dyes, how bright they shine!
"The flow'rs unfold their bloom in vain,
"No flow'r has charms to equal mine.

"By nature meant for regal sway,
"Tall and majestic I appear;
"Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
"My high command submissive hear.

"When I unfold my matchless bloom,
"And to the noon my beauties spread;
"Let no aspiring flow'r presume,
"Near me to lift her abject head."

The flow'rs are silent while she speaks,
And only blush to hear her pride.
The silence when a Violet breaks,
That crept, unheeded, by her side.

"Thy arrogance, imperious flow'r,
"To real worth hath made the blind;
"Thy vaunted beauties of an hour,
"Are charms of an inferior kind.

"From thee no fragrant odours breathe,
"No healing gifts thy leaves bestow,
"The flow'rs thou view'st with scorn beneath
"Can more pretence to merit shew.

"The cowslip's virtues, and my own,
"Let man, let grateful man confess;
"To him our real worth is known,
"Thee he admires but for thy dress."

The friendly hint, ye list'ning fair,
Reflection bids the muse apply;
Let useful virtues be your care,
Nor boast your pow'r to please the eye.

WHAT IS MAN?

(By R. Edwards.)

A bubble raised in play,
Which swells awhile; sports its quick varying tints.

A borrower from the sun; then bursting melts
Into its parent elements, nor leaves
A trace behind.—Man is creation's wonder!
With faculties that walk the range of heaven;
With appetites that gorge upon the earth;
An angel-brute! extended in desire
With space and time, yet bounded in fruition
By a mere point and moment.—Bliss his aim,
But his attainment anguish—He creeps on
From day to day in care of fordid being;
While hour to hour repeats the same dull tale,
Till wearied nature sleeps—or, meteor-like,
He glares and flashes with illusive splendor,
Till his thin flame is spent.—Our morn of life
Is wet with sorrow's dew:—our noon involv'd
In passion's storm;—our evening pale and chill,
And fading into night:—and when this sun
Is quench'd in darkness—shall no day star rise
To warm and waken us?—There shall—and then

The joys and cares that shook this feverish life,
Shall be no more remembered than a dream.
Yes! 'tis the distant beam of this new day
Which gilds this vale with all its boasts and lustre,
And fills our nerves with spirits for our travel.

ON THE VANITY OF YOUTHFUL HOPES.

IN life's gay morn, what vivid hues
Adorn the animating views,
By flattering fancy drawn?
No storms with gloomy aspect rise,
To cloud the azure of the skies,
No mists obscure the dawn.

With looks invariably gay,
Young expectation points the way
To ever blissful shades
Where odors scent the breath of morn,
Where roses bloom without a thorn,
And music fills the glades.

Enraptur'd with the distant view,
Youth thinks its fictitious beauties true,

And springs the prize to gain;
His grasp the gay illusion flies:
Experience thus the cheat descries,
And proves his hopes are vain.

The path of life tho' flowers adorn,
Yet often will the rugged thorn,
Amidst the flowers arise;
Expect not then on earth to share,
Enjoyment unallay'd by care,
But seek it in the skies.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

A Lady's Soliloquy in her Garden.

WELCOME fair scene, and welcome lov'd retreat,
From the vain hurry of the bustling great:
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bow'rer
Wrap'd in calm thought, improve each fleeting hour.

My soul, while nature's beauties feast my eye
To nature's God, contemplative shall rise.
What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
That waste our days and rob us of our nights?
What are your allurements? what your fancied toys?

Dress, equipage and show and pomp and noise!
Alas! how tasteless these, how low, how mean!
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene.

Come then ye shades, beneath your bending arms
Enclose the fond admirer of your charms:
Come then ye bowers, receive your cheerful guest,

Glad to retire, and in retirement blest:
Come ye fair flowers and open every sweet,
Come sportive birds, your warbling songs repeat.
And oh! descend to sweeten all the rest,
Soft smiling peace in white-robd virtue dress'd:
Content, unenvious, ease with freedom join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
Then noise and nonsense, pomp and show fare well.

And see! oh see! the heav'n born train appear
Fix then my heart, thy happiness is here.

E. B.—s Garden.

EPIGRAM.

A SCHOOL mistress once (as I've heard the story)
Whose face much resembl'd the sun in its glory,
Was scolding a pupil for something she did,
And acting contrary to what she was bid:
The scholar, who knew the charge to be right,
Turn'd red, when she found 'twas in vain to deny't.

The mistress, who watching the looks of her charge,
And seeing her blushing, pronounced at large
" 'Tis certainly so—you are guilty, I see;
"Or why do you blush when you come before me?"

The mistress she ceas'd—and the girl she reply'd
"My looks pronounce guilty, it can't be deny'd;
"But ma'am, wou'd you weigh well the state of the case,
"You'd find 'tis your colour reflects in my face."

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.